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*The
Art-Literature
Readers*

Book Two



Frances Elizabeth Chutter

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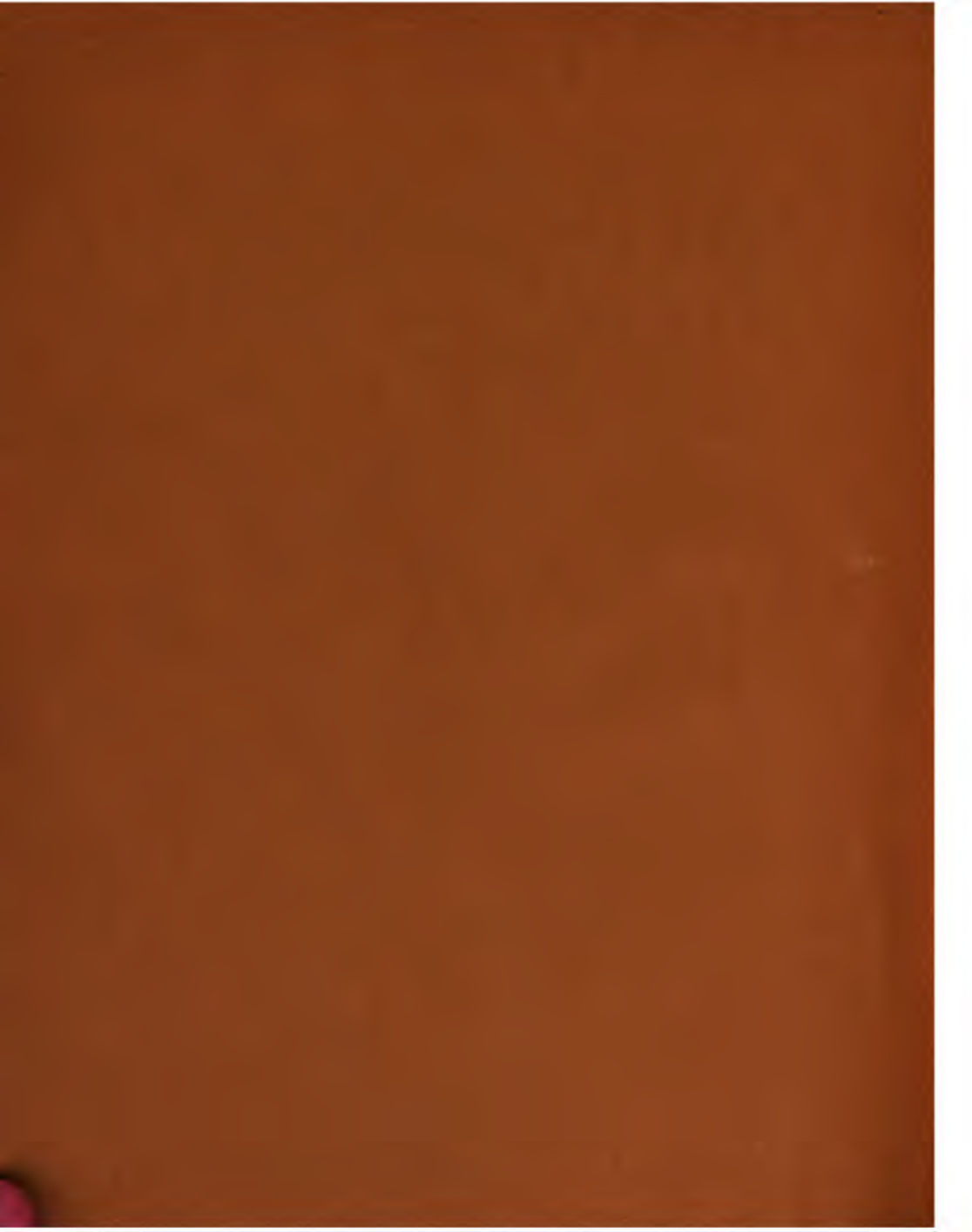
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The
Art-Literature Readers

Book Two

Grover Eulalie Osgood

The Art-Literature Readers — Book Two

BY
FRANCES ELIZABETH CHUTTER



ATKINSON, MENTZER & COMPANY

BOSTON

NEW YORK

CHICAGO

DALLAS

T 73-4-82

Edine T 759.04.154 (2)

JUL 23 1915

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Augustus Saint Gaudens
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

GO, LITTLE BOOK

*Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A living river by the door,
A nightingale in the sycamore.*

—Robert Louis Stevenson



HAPPY HOURS

W. S. Coleman

THE
ART-LITERATURE READERS

BOOK TWO

THE SWING

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown—
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson never forgot that he was once a little boy.

He always remembered what happy times he used to have and what he used to play.

He remembered how he liked

“to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue.”

He remembered that in winter he dressed by yellow candle-light, before the sun was up.

In summer when the days were long, he went to bed before the day was done.

Mr. Stevenson wrote a book about the things he did when he was a boy.

He called it “A Child’s Garden of Verses.”

He wrote this verse about himself:

“I woke before the morning, I was happy
all the day,
I never said an ugly word, but smiled
and stuck to play.”

BED IN SUMMER

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

—Robert Louis Stevenson

TIME TO RISE

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
“Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head?”

—Robert Louis Stevenson

MY SHADOW

I have a little shadow that goes in and out
with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than
I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels up
to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump
into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way
he likes to grow—

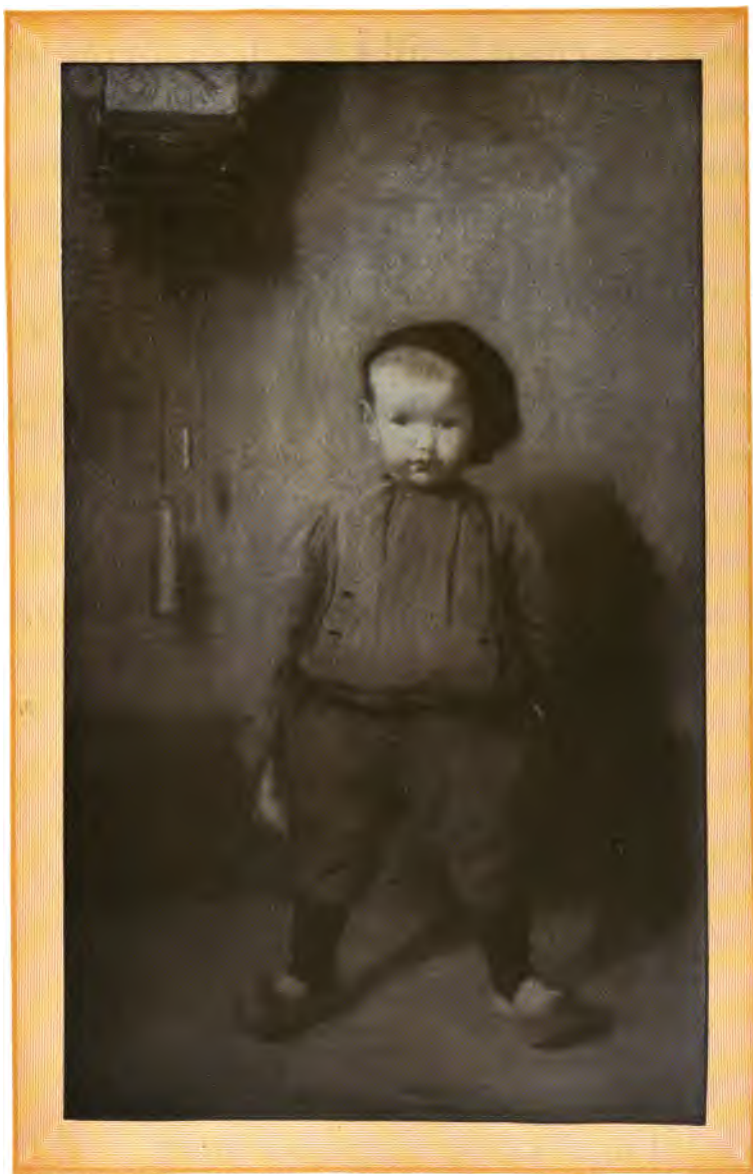
Not at all like proper children, which is
always very slow;

For he sometimes shoots up taller like an
india-rubber ball,

And he sometimes gets so little that there's
none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children
ought to play,

And can only make a fool of me in every
sort of way.



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FRITZ

Clara McChesney

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward
you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun
was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every
buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast
asleep in bed.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

AT THE SEASIDE

When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty like a cup,
In every hole the sea came up,
Till it could come no more.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

HIS HOME

Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scotch lad.
He lived in an old gray stone house in
a big city in Scotland.

The house was near the city gardens.

Robert could look out from his window
over tall lilac bushes.

He could hear the blackbirds sing their
merry songs.

He could see the Scotch highlands, and
he knew the fields of heather were not far
away.

Robert had no brothers or sisters, but he
had a beautiful mother and a faithful nurse.

They loved and cared for him as long as
he lived and Robert wrote verses for them.

HAPPY THOUGHT

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*



THE JERSEYS

Sir Edwin Douglas

THE COW

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart:

She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

SINGING

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S CHILDHOOD

Robert could tell wonderful stories
when he was a very little boy.

But he was not well and strong.

He could not romp and play as other
children did.

He did not know the fun of coasting
down hill.

He could not skate on the streams
near his home.

In the summertime Robert often visited
his grandfather.

He grew brown and strong in the country.

It was there that he learned to love
“The friendly cow all red and white.”

It was there, too, that he feasted
on “Apple-tart.”

When the winter days came again, Robert
went back to his city home near the gardens.

He often stayed in his room all winter.

When he was well enough, he sometimes lay on the nursery floor and made pictures with colored chalk or paints.

Sometimes he sat up in bed with a little shawl pinned around his shoulders.

He played with his toys and always tried "to make himself cheerful."

Sometimes when he could not sleep, his nurse, "Cummie," took him to the window.

She showed him the stars and gardens by lamplight.

She pointed out a little light way down the street.

She would say, "Perhaps a little boy and his nurse are in that house.

Perhaps they are waiting for the morning to come as we are."

Sometimes his father sat by his bedside.

Then they played that they were soldiers, or coachmen, or guards, till little Robert forgot everything in sleep.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?

O wind, a-blowing all day long,
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

—Robert Louis Stevenson

ROBERT'S SCHOOL DAYS

The little Scotch lad was nine years old before he went to school every day.

Sometimes he went for a few days, then sickness kept him at home.

His mother and his nurse taught him to read and to recite many beautiful verses.

His teachers were all fond of him.

He was always "ready for his lessons, ready for a story, ready for fun," and always polite and thoughtful.

An old Scotchman said, "He is an awful laddie for asking questions and, when your back is turned, he goes and writes it down."

Little by little Robert grew stronger and could play games with the other boys.

He played football and tennis with them.

He learned to swim and to fish.

One summer he had a little brown pony.

Robert liked nothing better than to gallop over the country roads on his pony.



A NORMAN SIRE

Rosa Bonheur

He even crossed a river on the pony's back, riding right through the water.

Robert traveled a good deal, too.

He saw the beautiful lakes of England
and he lived one winter in London.

What a wonderful city for a little boy
to visit!

There were the castles and palaces of
the Queen of England.

And there were the large galleries full
of beautiful pictures.

Perhaps Robert saw the paintings of
the lovely children which Sir Joshua
Reynolds had made a few years before.

FOREIGN LANDS

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers before my eye,

And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down
With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

RAIN

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

MARCHING SONG

Bring the comb and play upon it!

Marching, here we come!

Willie cocks his highland bonnet,

Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,

Peter leads the rear;

Feet in time, alert and hearty,

Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner

Marching double-quick;

While the napkin like a banner

Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,

Great commander Jane!

Now that we've been round the village,

Let's go home again.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

THE FLOWERS

All the names I know from nurse:
Gardner's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames—
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house;
Tiny tree tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these;
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*



THE HAY HARVEST

Rosa Bonheur

THE HAYLOFT

Through all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling crops
They led in wagons home;
And they piled them here in mountain-tops
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle and Mount High;—
The mice that in these mountains dwell,
No happier are than I!

O what a joy to clamber there,
O what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

ROBERT AT HIS GRANDFATHER'S

Summer was a jolly time for Robert Louis Stevenson.

He visited his grandfather in the country and lived out of doors the whole summer long.

His grandfather's old home was a fine place for play.

There were stables and carriage-houses and all sorts of strange places in which to hide away.

There were broad and sunny meadows where
“The grass grew shoulder-high.”

There were dark woods where thrushes and other wild birds made their home.

There was also a friendly garden of flowers and vegetables on the grandfather's farm.

And there were the sandy banks of a river that "flows along forever,

With trees on either hand."

On rainy days the old house was just the place for a good time.

The long hallway was made for races and games.

There were many things in it to please a little boy like Robert.

There was a large case of gay birds from foreign countries, and a beautiful lily that was brought from Africa.

Just off from the hallway was the dining-room.

Robert used to have his morning lunch in this room.

He always had three small biscuits and a tiny pot of jelly.

When the biscuits and jelly were eaten, Robert stretched out on the floor to write stories about kittens or about great storms at sea.

Sometimes he built forts and castles with bricks.

Robert loved the big dining-room.

It was so cheerful and so sunny.

It always made him think of loaf sugar and of frolics with Aunt Jane.

In the evening, when the big lamp was lighted, the family sat around the large table reading and working.

Then Robert liked to hide away in a dark corner behind the sofa.

He played he was a hunter all alone in a forest, with only the bright stars above him and the great trees around him.

There he would stay with his toy gun in his hand, until he was so tired and so sleepy he was glad to run to bed.

Robert had many cousins to play with at his grandfather's.

Some of them were born very far away and had come to Scotland to spend the summer or to go to school.

The cousins called Robert "A small sickly prince."

But they liked him because he thought of all sorts of fine games for them to play.

They played they were horsemen, or sailors, or hunters, just as Robert wished.

When the summer was over, the cousins went away and Robert went back to his city home.

Then he had a long winter of indoor play.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table:
At least so far as he is able.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON *Arthur Smith*

And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story-books.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

FAREWELL TO THE FARM

The coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-bye, good-bye, to everything!

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

THE RABBIT AND THE TURTLE

Once upon a time there was a rabbit who had very long ears.

And once upon a time there was a turtle who had a very long neck.

The rabbit thought himself very smart.

The turtle knew himself to be very dull and slow.

One day the rabbit was hopping through the woods.

He saw the turtle who was going the same way.

The Rabbit said, "Good-morning, friend Turtle. Where are you going this fine morning?"

"I am going to the river to find water," said the Turtle.

"I am going to the river, too," said the Rabbit. "But I can travel faster than you. You will never get to the river, friend Turtle, because you are so slow."

“I know the river is a long way off,” said the Turtle. “I know I am very slow, but if I keep on going I shall get there sometime.”

“Don’t you wish you could run as fast as I can?” said the Rabbit. “Then you could reach the river in five minutes.”

“Will you race with me?” asked the Turtle. “I might reach the river first, after all.”

“Ha! ha!” laughed the Rabbit. “What a queer race that would be! I could reach the river before you were well started. But we will try it if you wish. Our friend, the Fox, shall be judge of the race.”

Then the rabbit and the turtle made ready to start.

They called the fox to be the judge.

THE RACE

“One, two, three, go!” said the Fox.

The rabbit started off on the run.

The turtle moved along slowly.



A RABBIT

Albert Dürer

“The Turtle will never catch me,” thought the Rabbit. “I shall lie down and rest a few minutes.”

So he lay down in the tall grass and was

soon fast asleep.

The turtle kept on going.

By and by the rabbit awoke.

“How hungry I am!” he said. “I shall eat some of this sweet clover, then I shall go back and find the Turtle.”

So he ate the clover and then ran back to look for the turtle.

He did not find the turtle and he said to himself: “I think I shall run on to the river and get a drink of water. The Turtle will not get there for a long time yet, but I can wait for him. What a slow old fellow he is! I am sure he wishes he could run as fast as I can.”

When the rabbit came to the river, the turtle was waiting for him there.

“Well! well!” said the Fox to the Rabbit, “you see it is not always the fastest runner who wins the race.”

—Æsop



IN THE MEADOW

F. de Vuillefroy

THE DAISIES

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white,
That dot the meadow of the night.
And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadow of the town.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman*

GOLDEN-ROD AND ASTER

Golden Hair and Blue Eyes lived at the foot of a great hill.

On the top of this hill in a little hut lived a strange, wise woman.

It was said that she could change people into anything she wished.

She looked so grim and severe that people were afraid to go near her.

One summer day the two little girls at the foot of the hill thought they would like to do something to make everybody happy.

“I know,” said Golden Hair. “Let us go and ask the wise woman on the hill about it. She surely can tell us just what to do.”

“Oh, yes!” said Blue Eyes, and away they started at once.

It was a warm day and a long walk to the top of the hill.

The little girls stopped many times to rest under the oak trees which shaded their pathway.

They could find no flowers, but they made a basket of oak leaves and filled it with berries for the wise woman.

They fed the fish in the brook and talked to the squirrels and the birds.

They walked on and on in the rocky path.

After awhile the sun went down.

The birds stopped singing.

The squirrels went to bed.

The trees fell asleep.

Even the wind was resting.

How still and cool it was on the hillside!

The moon and the stars came out.

The frogs and toads awoke.

The night music began.

The beetles and fireflies flew away to a party. But the tired little children kept on toward the hilltop. At last they reached it.

There at the gate was the strange, old woman, looking even more stern than usual.

The little girls were frightened.

They clung close together while brave Golden Hair said, "We know you are wise and we came to see if you would tell us how to make everyone happy."

"Please let us stay together," said timid Blue Eyes.

As she opened the gate for the children, the wise woman was seen to smile in the moonlight.

The two little girls were never seen again at the foot of the hill.

The next morning all over the hillside people saw beautiful, waving golden-rod and purple asters growing.

It has been said that these two bright flowers, which grow side by side, could tell the secret, if they would, of what became of the two little girls on that moonlight summer night.

—*Retold by Flora J. Cooke*

THE SEED

In the heart of a seed,
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

“Wake!” said the sunshine,
“And creep to the light!”
“Wake!” said the voice
Of the raindrops bright

The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

—*Kate Louise Brown*



THE RAINBOW

Jean Francois Millet

IRIS' BRIDGE

In the sky where the amber tints are seen
on the clouds, Iris was born.

She loved her home and all the beautiful
things around her.

Perhaps she sailed in the moon's silver
boat and knew why the stars kept twinkling.

Perhaps she feasted on sunshine and dew
and slept on the soft white clouds.

More than anything in her sky-home, Iris loved her grandfather, the stern old ocean.

When he was merry, and drove his white horses over the water, she was happy.

When he was troubled, and the sky grew dark and sad, she quietly slipped her hand into his.

Instantly he smiled and became gentle again.

He longed always to keep her with him, but the Sun said:

“No, Iris belongs to both ocean and sky.

Let her be the messenger between heaven and earth.”

They placed golden wings upon her shoulders and made her a bridge of beautiful colors.

One end of the bridge they rested in the sky, and the other Iris could fasten to the earth with a pot of gold.

This is the way Iris' path was made:

The earth gave the tints of her fairest flowers, the sea brought great ribbons of silvery mist, the wind was the shuttle, the sky was the loom and the Sun himself was the weaver.

It is no wonder that the most beautiful thing in all the world is Iris' bridge, the rainbow.

—*Retold by Flora J. Cooke*

BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

THE FIR-TREE AND THE BRAMBLE

A tall fir-tree grew in a thick bramble.

The tree was very straight and beautiful.

It was very proud of its beauty.

It never noticed the little shrubs that grew around its roots.

“Why do you never speak to us?” asked a little Bramble.

“Because you are so little,” said the Fir-tree. “I am the most beautiful tree in the forest. My top shoots up into the clouds. My branches are always thick and green, but you lie on the ground. You are crushed by all who come near.”

“That may be true,” said the Bramble, “but the woodman will come with his ax some day. He will cut you down for a Christmas tree because you are so beautiful. Then you will wish that you could change places with the smallest of us.”

—Æsop



A LANDSCAPE

J. Marak

THE MAGPIE'S NEST

Long ago, when the world was very young, the birds did not know how to build nests for themselves.

The magpie was the only bird that knew how to build a nest well. His nest was covered all over, except a hole to go in and out.

The other birds talked a great deal about the wonderful little house which the magpie could build.

They all wished they might build one just like it for their little birds. So one day two birds of every kind went to see the magpie.

They said, "Sir Magpie, we have come to learn how to build nests for ourselves and our little birds. We will pay you well if you will show us how."

The Magpie said, "I shall be glad to show you how to build nests. But you must watch everything I do. First, I lay two sticks across each other, so."

“To be sure,” said the Crow. “I knew it must begin with two sticks and they should be crossed, of course.”

“Then mix some straw and some moss in this way,” said the Magpie.

“Oh, yes, certainly,” said the Jackdaw, “I guessed that without being taught.”

“Then more moss, more straw and feathers, like this,” said the Magpie.

“Yes, yes,” said the Sparrow, “though no builder myself, I knew that was the way to do.”

Still the Magpie went on, but the birds acted as if they knew before everything he told them.

At last he would tell them no more, though the nest was built up only half way.

“If you knew all about nest-building, then why did you come here to learn it of me?” he said. “You may go and build your own nests. I’ll not tell you how I build mine.”

Then away they all flew.

Each bird set to work to build him a nest.
But when they had built up half way, they
stopped, for they did not know how to go on.
So to this day their nests all look like the
magpie's, just cut in two.

THE BLUEBIRD

“A bit of sky to make a coat;
A rosy vest and rounded throat;
A silver tint in tail and wing;
A joyous song about the spring.”

THE CHILD'S WORLD

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water 'round you
curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the
tree;

It walks on the water, and whirls the
mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the
hills.

You, friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod, and the
rivers that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and
isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say:

You are more than the Earth, though you
are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth
cannot.

—*Matthew Browne*

ROSA BONHEUR

Long ago a little girl was born in a dull old town on the coast of France.

The little girl became a great painter of animals. Her name was Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa's father was an artist and little Rosa began to draw as soon as she could hold a pencil.

She drew pictures of kittens and dogs which she saw on the street.

When she showed the pictures to her father, he laughed and said that they did not look much like kittens and dogs.

Rosa was an odd-looking child.

She had a round happy face and a great deal of short curly hair.

She wore gingham dresses and big wooden shoes, just as the little girls do to-day who live in the small towns of France.

Rosa liked to have her own way, and nothing pleased her quite so much as to run



HEAD OF A DOG

Rosa Bonheur

wild out of doors.

There she was sure to find some animal friend. Perhaps it would be a great shaggy dog, or a shy rabbit, or a bird.

She talked and played with them all day and then ran home happy and tired.

ROSA BONHEUR'S SCHOOL DAYS

Of course Rosa went to school, but she disliked her school books and her lessons.

She longed for the bell to ring, when she could run out of doors again.

Once Rosa went with her brothers to a boys' school and recited her lessons with them.

She liked the games they played.

She liked everything but the lessons and the school rules.

At last Mr. Bonheur took his little girl to his studio.

He let her use his pencils and brushes.

He let her draw and paint all she wished.

Rosa was very happy to be away from books and sewing lessons.

She worked from morning till night making pictures of everything around her.

She even forgot to play with the other children.

One day when her father came home, the little artist showed him a bunch of cherries which she had drawn.

“That is fine!” said her father. “My little girl will be a great artist. I must teach her how to draw well.”

From that time, Rosa and her father worked together.

He taught her all that he knew about drawing and she mixed colors for him and held his brushes.

Sometimes they painted together on the same picture. Rosa’s work was always good.

The pictures they painted in this way sold well and brought them much money.

AUTUMN FIRES

Sing a song of seasons,
Something bright in all,
Flowers in the summer;
Fires in the fall.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*

ROSA BONHEUR'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS

Rosa's father had very little money, but he had four happy boys and girls.

All of these brothers and sisters liked to paint.

They liked to work in the studio with their father.

Rosa soon learned to paint better than the others.

Her drawing was good and her animals looked like real ones.

This was because she learned all that she could about them.

She went into the country very often where she could study sheep and cows in the pasture.

She watched the oxen at work in the fields.

She used to start early in the morning with a bit of bread in her pocket and her paints and brushes under her arm.



PLOWING

Rosa Bonheur

When she saw an animal that pleased her, she sat down under a shady tree or by the river bank and painted all day long.

Then she went home tired and sunburned, but happy in her day's work.

After their simple supper was over, the brothers and sisters sat by the lamplight and read and talked about art and artists.

Rosa told them about her day in the country and helped them with their work.

Sometimes they made pictures for books and so earned a little money to buy bread, or to buy a few new paints and brushes.

THE PET SHEEP

Rosa Bonheur loved pets and always had them about her.

Sometimes she had pet birds.

Sometimes she had pet goats.

Once she had a pet sheep which she kept on a little balcony outside of her window.

It was a strange place for a sheep to live, for Rosa's home was up six flights of stairs.

Once in a while her brother put the sheep on his shoulders.

Then he took it down the long stairs and carried it to a field not far away.

How the little sheep would run and play!

It ate the green grass and had a fine time.

Rosa's brother always took it safely back again to its little home outside the high window.

Rosa put this pet sheep into many of her pictures.



ROSA BONHEUR

E. Dubufe

OTHER PETS

At last Rosa received a great deal of money from her pictures.

She bought a pleasant old home in the country.

There were green fields all around it and there was enough room for all of her pets.

She had doves and chickens and monkeys and rabbits.

A big St. Bernard dog watched the gateway.

The stable was full of horses.

There were cows in the pastures and deer fed in her own park.

Her strangest pets were two big shaggy lions.

One of the lions she called Nero.

He lived with her many years.

Nero loved Rosa very much.

Once when she went away, Nero was so lonely he became very sick.



AN OLD MONARCH

Rosa Bonheur

When Rosa Bonheur came home, she tried to make Nero well again.

But he died in a few days, with his head resting on Rosa's arm.

THE ANXIOUS LEAF

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about.

And the Twig said, "What is the matter, little Leaf?"

And the Leaf said, "The Wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree.

And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing.

Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily,

as if nothing could ever pull it off.

And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful.

Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors.

Then it asked the tree what it meant; and the Tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the Leaf said, "Oh, Branches!" why are you lead color and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and

the leaf let go without thinking of it,
and the wind took it up and turned it over
and over and whirled it like a spark of fire
in the air.

Then it fell gently down under the edge
of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and
fell into a dream and never waked up to tell
what it dreamed about.

—Henry Ward Beecher

THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind one day,
“Come o’er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
Summer is gone and the days grow cold.”

Dancing and flying the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were
content,

Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

—George Cooper



LIONS AT HOME

Rosa Bonheur

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

THE MOUSE CAUGHT

There was once a family of timid little mice.

Their home was in a big sunny meadow.

There was also a family of great brave lions.

Their home was in a dark wood near the meadow.

One day the five baby mice were playing Hide and Seek.

They were playing among the trees in the dark wood.

One little mouse hid behind the trunk of a great tree.

Another little mouse hid under some green leaves.

Another little mouse hid under a big fern.

And another little mouse hid under something very soft and warm. What do you think it was?

Why it was the warm paw of the great father lion.

The big lion had been sleeping, but when he felt the little mouse under his paw he awoke.

Of course the lion was cross with the mouse for wakening him.

His first thought was to eat the poor little mouse, for he was very hungry.

But the Mouse cried very hard and said,

“Oh, Mr. Lion, please do not eat me! If you will let me go I may be able to help you some day.”

Then how the old lion laughed!

“Can a timid little mouse ever help a brave lion?” he said. “I will let you go this time if you will promise never to waken me again.”

Then away the little mouse ran to tell his brothers all about what had happened.

THE LION CAUGHT

A few days later the five little mice were playing in the wood again, when they heard a great noise.

A lion was roaring very loud.

The mice were so frightened they ran away as fast as they could run.

They ran straight for their home in the sunny meadow.

But one of the mice remembered how a good lion had saved his life one day, and he said,

“I am going back to the wood. I think my friend is in trouble and I have promised to help him. I am not afraid. Oh, no! I am not afraid of lions any more.”

So he ran back to the wood.

There he found his friend, the lion, tied with a great rope.

Some hunters had caught him and had tied him to a tree while they went to get a cage to put him into.

“Good-morning, Mr. Lion,” said the little Mouse. “I see you are in trouble. I have come to help you.”

“What can a timid little mouse like you do?” roared the lion.

“Wait and see,” said the Mouse.

Then the mouse began to gnaw at the great rope.

He gnawed and gnawed until the rope was cut and the lion was free.

When the hunters came back with the cage,

the lion was gone.

The only animal they could see was a little mouse that was running up and down the long rope. Mice never tell secrets.

—Æsop

THE SUNBEAM

“What shall I send to the earth to-day?”

Said the great, round golden sun.

“Let us go down to work and play!”

Said the sunbeams, every one.

Down to the earth the sunbeams crept,

To children in their beds,

Touching the eyes of those who slept,

And gilding the little heads.

“Wake, little children!” they cried in glee,

“And from dreamland come away!

We’ve brought you a present! wake and see!

We’ve brought you a sunny day!”

—Emilie Poulsson

THE STAG

Once upon a time a stag came to a cool spring to drink.

The water was clear and quiet and the stag could see himself in it.

“How beautiful my horns are!” thought the Stag. “How graceful they look on each side of my head! I should be very happy if my legs were as beautiful as my horns. But I am ashamed of these long slender legs.”

While the stag was looking at himself in the water, a hunter with some dogs saw him.

The slender legs which he had despised easily carried him away from the dogs.

He ran quickly over the fields and the hunter could not find him.

Soon the stag came to a forest and his long horns caught in the branches of a tree.

Before the stag could get away, he was found by the hunter and his dogs.

When the stag knew that he must die,



ON THE ALERT

Rosa Bonheur

he cried, "The slender legs that I once despised could have saved my life, but the horns which were my pride have been the cause of my death."

—Æsop

THE LITTLE NUT

"A little brown baby, round and wee,
With kind winds to rock him, slept under
a tree;

And he grew and he grew, till—I'm sorry
to say!

He fell right out of his cradle one day.

Down, down from the tree-top, a very bad
fall!

But this queer little fellow was not hurt
at all;

Now sound and sweet he lies down in the
grass,

And there you will find him whenever you
pass."

THE RED-HEADED WOODPECKER

There was an old woman who lived on a hill.

You never heard of any one smaller or neater than she was.

She always wore a black dress and a large white apron with big bows behind.

On her head was the queerest little red bonnet that you ever saw.

It is a sad thing to tell, but this woman had grown very selfish as the years went by.

People said this was because she lived alone and thought of nobody but herself.

One morning as she was baking cakes, a tired, hungry man came to her door.

“My good woman,” said he, “will you give me one of your cakes? I am very hungry. I have no money to pay for it, but whatever you first wish for you shall have.”

The old woman looked at her cakes and thought that they were too large to give away.

She broke off a small bit of dough and put it into the oven to bake.

When it was done, she thought this one was too nice and brown for a beggar.

She baked a smaller one and then a smaller one, but each one was as nice and brown as the first.

At last she took a piece of dough only as big as the head of a pin; yet even this, when it was baked, looked as fine and large as the others.

So the old woman put all the cakes on the shelf and offered the stranger a dry crust of bread.

The poor man only looked at her and, before she could wink her eye, he was gone.

She had done wrong and of course she was unhappy.

"Oh, I wish I were a bird!" said she. "I would fly to him with the largest cake on the shelf."

As she spoke, she felt herself growing smaller and smaller until the wind whisked her up the chimney.

She was no longer an old woman but a bird, as she had wished to be.

She still wore her black dress and red bonnet.

She still seemed to have the large white apron with the big bows behind.

Because from that day she pecked her food from the hard wood of a tree, people named this bird the Red-headed Woodpecker.

—*Retold by Flora J. Cooke*

EARLY NEWS

The sparrow told it to the robin,
The robin told it to the wren,
Who passed it on with sweet remark
To thrush and bobolink and lark,
The news,
That dawn had come again.

—*Anna M. Pratt*



AN HUMBLE SERVANT

Rosa Bonheur

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

An old donkey was going to be sold.

He said, "I do not want to be sold. I will go to Bremen and play in the band."

On the way he met an old dog. The dog was going to be killed.

“Come with me,” said the Donkey. “I am going to Bremen to play in the band. I will blow the horn and you may beat the drum.”

“All right,” said the Dog.

On the way they met an old cat. The cat was going to be killed.

“Come with us,” said the Donkey and the Dog. “We are going to Bremen to play in the band. You may sing while we play.”

“All right,” said the Cat.

On the way they met a rooster. The rooster was going to be killed for somebody’s dinner.

“Come with us,” said the Donkey, the Dog and the Cat. “We are going to Bremen to make music. You may sing with the cat.”

“All right,” said the Rooster.

At night they came to a house in the woods. There was a light high up in the window.

“Let us look in,” said the Donkey, the Dog,

the Cat and the Rooster.

The donkey stood on the ground, the dog stood on the donkey's back, the cat stood on the dog's back, the rooster stood on the cat's back. Then the rooster could look in at the window.

"I see four robbers eating their supper," said the Rooster.

"Let us frighten them away and get their supper for ourselves," said the Donkey.

The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed and the rooster crowed all together.

The robbers ran away into the woods as fast as they could go.

The donkey, the dog, the cat and the rooster ate up the supper. Then they put out the light.

By and by the robbers came back. One of them tried to light a match on the cat's eyes, because they shone in the dark like fire.

Then the cat scratched him, the dog bit him, the donkey kicked him and the rooster crowed at him.

The robbers ran away as fast as they could go, and never came back again.

So the donkey, the dog, the cat and the rooster lived in the house in the woods and never went to Bremen.

—*Retold by Estelle M. Hart*

ALL THINGS

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

—*Mrs. C. F. Alexander*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Down by the sea in Portland, Maine, there
is a plain wooden house.

In front of it is a broad sandy beach.

On this beach the little waves and whitecaps
of the ocean chase each other in play.

Behind the house are gardens and apple
trees. Shady streets lead into the town.

In the year 1807, a blue-eyed boy with
light curling hair was born in the old
wooden house.

His name was Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow.

He was a happy rosy-cheeked little boy
and everybody loved him.

Everything looked beautiful to Henry.

He thought that the flowers opened for
him each springtime.

The birds came back to sing songs to him.

The waves told him wonderful stories of
far away lands.

Portland was a small town when Henry was a little boy.

There were no busy streets and no street cars in those days.

There was a wide beach where the children could play in the sand and watch the ships come in from strange lands.

These ships brought many beautiful things to please a little boy.

There were bits of pink coral, beautiful sea-shells and birds with gay feathers.

When the ships sailed away again, they were loaded with goods and toys for distant shores.

SNOWFLAKES

Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

HENRY LONGFELLOW'S SCHOOL DAYS

Henry Longfellow went to the village school.

He studied hard and stood high in his classes.

When vacation days came, he had nothing to do but to play ball, or to sit under the apple trees with a book and read.

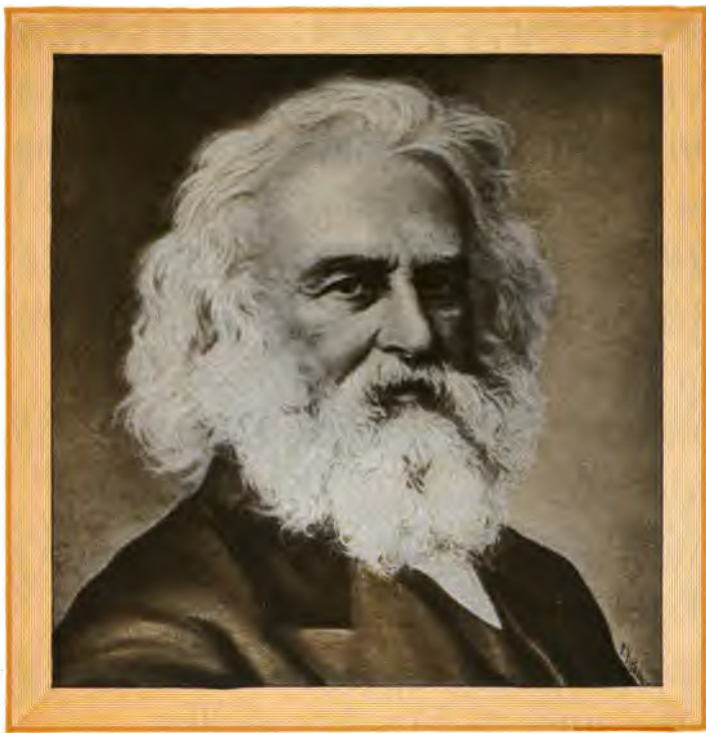
When he was only sixteen years old, he went to Bowdoin College to study.

The college was only a few miles from Portland, so Henry often went home to stay over Sunday or to spend a holiday.

After he graduated, he went to Spain and France and Italy.

He saw beautiful pictures and great castles, but he never forgot his old home by the sea.

He liked to think of the time when he was a little boy running up and down the sandy beach.



P. Krämer

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

THE EMPEROR'S BIRD'S-NEST

When Mr. Longfellow visited France, Spain and Italy, he learned many things about those countries.

He often heard strange stories about the people. Sometimes he wrote poems about these stories.

Once he wrote a poem about Emperor Charles of Spain.

He called the poem "The Emperor's Bird's-Nest."

Perhaps some little Spanish boy or girl told the story to Mr. Longfellow.

All the boys and girls of Spain knew about Emperor Charles and the brave little bird that built a nest on the Emperor's tent.

This is the story just as Mr. Longfellow has told it in his poem.

Emperor Charles lived in Spain many years ago.

One cold, rainy spring he marched with a large army against the French people.

The Emperor's soldiers set up their tents in an old town in Flanders.

One day when the soldiers were guarding the Emperor's tent, what do you suppose they saw?

Why, on the top of the tent was a little bird's nest.

A tiny swallow had made her home there.

Day after day she had gathered bits of straw and horse hair.

From these odd bits she had made a snug little nest on the top of the Emperor's tent.

Around her was the sound of guns and the tramp of soldiers, but the swallow was not afraid.

When the Emperor heard what the shy little bird had done, he was very much pleased. "The swallow is my guest," he said. "Let no hand hurt her."

So the little swallow stayed on day after day.

In her nest were several tiny eggs.

The Emperor knew they were there and that was why he said, "Let no hand hurt the swallow."

At last the time came for the army to go away.

The soldiers took down their tents and made ready to march.

Everything was ready except the Emperor's tent.

Emperor Charles thought of the little bird's home on the top of his tent, and of the tiny swallows that were too small to take care of themselves.

He said to his officers "Leave my tent standing."

So the Spanish army went away and left the Emperor's tent standing alone on the great battlefield.

There were holes in the sides of the tent
where the bullets had torn it.

Sometimes the wind nearly blew it down.

But the mother bird lived there until
her little family had grown up, when they
all flew away to make homes of their own.



SWALLOWS

Laux

CHORUS OF BIRDS

Every flutter of the wing,
Every note of song we sing,
Every murmur, every tone,
Is of love and love alone.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

MR. LONGFELLOW'S CHILDREN

Mr. Longfellow had five little children.

There were three girls and two boys.

They lived in a lovely old house with
soft green lawns all around it.

Here and there were shady elm trees and
purple and white lilac bushes.

A beautiful river flowed near by.

The children loved their father.

Sometimes when he was in his study, the
little girls crept softly down the long stairway
and peeped through the open door.

Then they rushed into his arms and
covered him with kisses.

He once wrote a poem about them.

He called the poem "The Children's Hour."
He said,

"From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair."



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MR. LONGFELLOW'S LITTLE GIRLS

THE BELL OF ATRI

Ding, dong, ding, dong, rang the bell of Atri.

Ding, dong, ding, dong, rang out the great bell again.

What did it mean?

People hurried to the market place to learn why the bell was ringing.

Atri was an old, old town in Italy.

It was built on a hillside in the warm Italian sunshine.

A very long time ago the King of Atri had a large bell hung in the market place.

A long rope was fastened to the bell.

The rope was so long that even little children could ring the great bell.

Then the King rode through the town and cried, "If any one has been wronged let him ring the bell. Then the judge shall come to the square and there the wrongs shall be made right."

The old bell hung in the market place for years.

Whenever any one in Atri had been wronged, he rang the great bell and the judge made the wrongs right.

As the years went by, the rope wore out.

It became so short that the tallest man in Atri could not reach it.

So one of the men in the town mended the rope with a piece of grape-vine, which was large and strong.

THE OLD HORSE AND THE BELL

On the hillside of Atri there lived a Knight who had been a brave man.

When he was young, he had fought in many battles.

He had ridden through many strange lands.

He liked to hunt in the forests and he loved his dogs and horses.

As the Knight grew older, he cared only for his money.

He thought only of gold and how he might get more of it.

He sold everything that he had, everything except the horse which had carried him through so many dangers.

At last he said, "What is the use of keeping this lazy horse? He is eating his head off in my stable. Let him go and feed by the roadside. I want him only for the holidays."

So the faithful old horse was turned into the street.

His only food was the dry grass that grew beside the road.

No one cared for him and no one gave him a kind word.

One warm summer afternoon the horse wandered into the market place.

Near the open gate hung the grape-vine which had just been fastened to the rope.



A KNIGHT ON THE ROAD

Werner Schuch

The leaves on the grape-vine were still fresh and green.

The half-starved horse took one mouthful and then another.

With each bite the great bell of Atri rang out. It seemed to say,

“Some one has done me a great wrong!
Some one has done me a great wrong!”

The judge heard it. He put on his long robe and hurried to the market place.

No one was there, for the sun was very hot.

But he saw the old horse eating away at the grape-vine.

“Ah!” said the judge, “this horse belongs to the Knight of Atri. He is ringing for justice. We all know how shamefully his master has treated him. Bring the Knight here.”

When the Knight of Atri came into the market place, the judge said, “This horse has served you in his youth. He has saved

you from many dangers. He has been faithful to you always. In return you shall care for him in his old age. You shall give him a green pasture in the summer and a warm stall in the winter."

The Knight was ashamed and went quietly home.

The people shouted for joy as they led the old horse to his new stall.

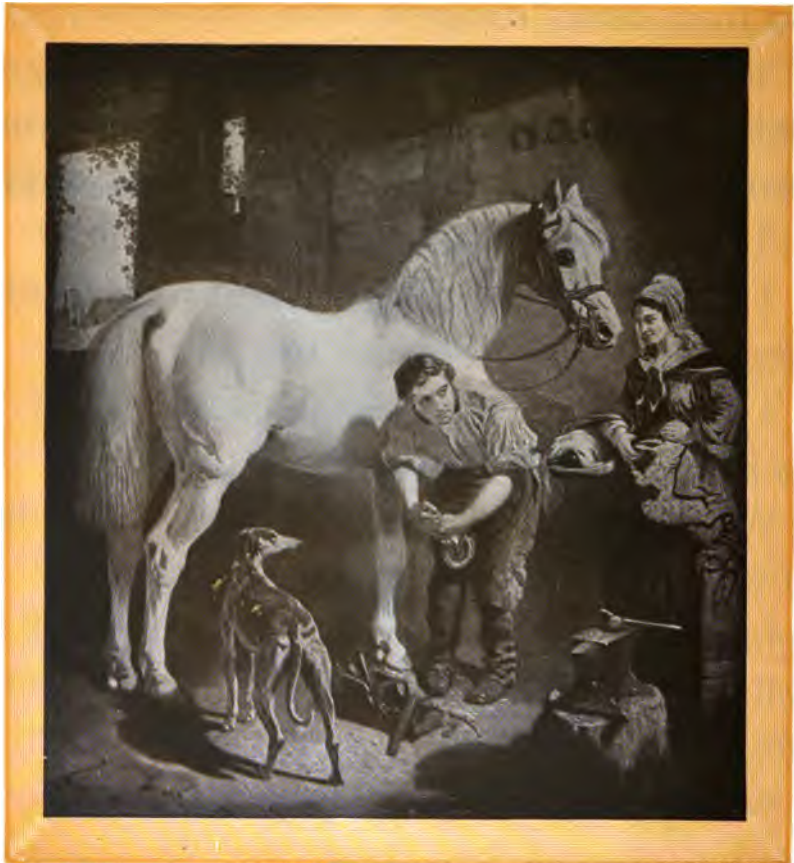
When the good King of Atri heard of it, he was glad and said, "My bell helps to right the wrongs of poor dumb animals as well as those of men and women."

AN OLD ENGLISH SONG

"The blacksmith hammers the whole day long,
His hammer is heavy, but his arm is strong.

Here comes a horse—what will the blacksmith do?

He will hammer out a strong iron shoe."



VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

J. F. Herring

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

THE ARM CHAIR

Near Mr. Longfellow's home there was a blacksmith's shop.

In front of the shop grew a large chestnut tree.

The branches of the tree were low and thick.

They made a shady place for the children to rest and play on their way home from school.

They could look into the shop and see the blacksmith at his work.

Mr. Longfellow often rested under the great tree, too, and talked with the boys and girls.

Mr. Longfellow told them how the hot iron was made into shoes and nails for the horses, and into other useful things.

He loved the old tree and was sorry when it was cut down.

The children had a beautiful arm chair made from the wood of the tree.

They gave the chair to the poet on his seventy-second birthday.

The arm chair was placed in Mr. Longfellow's study and all the boys and girls in the town were invited to come to see it.

Mr. Longfellow's last birthday was February 27, 1882.

On that day the children all over the land read his poems and talked about his beautiful life.

Mr. Longfellow was very happy to know that the children loved him so much.

He will always be remembered as "The Children's Poet."



National Gallery, London

Sir Joshua Reynolds

LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN

CHILDREN

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

THE LITTLE INDIAN BOY, HIAWATHA

Mr. Longfellow once wrote a poem about a little Indian boy.

The boy's name was Hiawatha.

Hiawatha was a brown-faced little fellow.

He lived in the forest with his old grandmother, Nokomis.

He lived out of doors all day long.

At night he slept on a soft bed of moss.

Nokomis lived in a wigwam.

In front of the wigwam was the clear, sunny water.

Around it were forests of pine trees where Hiawatha played.

In the summer evenings the old grandmother and the little boy sat in the doorway of their wigwam.

Then Nokomis told Hiawatha stories about the meadow flowers.

She told him about the winds and the stars.

She taught him to chase the fire-flies
and sing:

“Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!”

Then the little brown-faced boy fell
asleep and Nokomis

“Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes.”

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Nokomis loved the little Hiawatha.

She taught him to love everything
around him.

She talked to him about the trees.

She told him about the Big-Sea-Water
in front of their wigwam.

Once when it had been raining, Hiawatha
saw a rainbow in the sky.

“What is that, Nokomis?” he said.

And the good Nokomis answered:

“’Tis the heaven of flowers you see
there;

All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.”

Hiawatha played in the forest and made
friends with the birds.

He learned how they built their nests in
the summer time, and where they hid away
in winter.

He talked with them and called them
“Hiawatha’s Chickens.”

Then he learned the language of the
beasts.

He learned their names.

He learned their secrets.

He watched the busy beavers build
their homes.



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HIAWATHA

Elizabeth Norris

He saw where the little squirrels hid
their acorns.

He saw the reindeer running swiftly.

He watched the timid little rabbits.

He called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

"Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in summer,
Where they hid themselves in winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.'

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'"

THE YOUNG MAN, HIAWATHA

Hiawatha grew to be a fine young man.
He learned to do everything that other
Indian men could do.

He made a canoe from the bark of birch
trees.

He sailed alone over streams and lakes.
He saw the fish swimming in the clear
water below him.

He caught them for the good Nokomis.
Hiawatha used the bow and arrow better
than any one else.

He could shoot the wild deer when they
were far away.

He was strong and brave and the Indian
people loved him.

He taught them to clear the forests.
He showed them how to plant corn and rice.
Best of all, Hiawatha taught the Indian
people to forget the war song and to live in
peace with each other.



NIGHT

Albert Thorwaldsen

HOW THE FIRST FROGS CAME

“My poor twin babies!” cried Latona.

“How thirsty and tired you are! We have been wandering for days and days. Where shall we find water to drink and a place to rest? Juno has driven us from our home. No one is kind to us. No one loves us.”

Just then Latona saw a pond of clear water.

The pond was in the green valley below them.

Latona could see many people near the pond.

They were country people cutting willow sticks.

The people wore green coats and white vests.

Latona hurried down to the pond with her babies.

She kneeled down on the bank and was about to take some water when the country people stopped her.

"Why may I not have some of this clear water?" she said.

"Water is free to all. My mouth is so dry I can hardly speak. See my babies. How they put out their arms to you. They are begging for water."

The country people were not kind.

They ran into the pond. They made the water so muddy that Latona and her babies could not drink it.

They laughed at her with their loud voices.

Latona looked up into the blue sky and said, "May these selfish people never leave this pond, but spend their lives in it."

It happened as Latona wished.

The people grew very small.

Their green coats and white vests turned to skin.

Their loud laugh became a croak.

Their mouths grew large and ugly.

Their necks disappeared and their heads joined close to their fat bodies.

Ever since that time they and their children have lived in muddy water.

They come out on the bank, now and then, for a little while, but they always jump back again. They are frogs.



SHEEP PASTURE

Auguste Bonheur

LAMBKINS

On the grassy banks,
Lambkins at their pranks;
Woolly sisters, woolly brothers,
 Jumping off their feet;
While their woolly mothers
 Watch by them and bleat.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

CINDERELLA

“Good-morning, Cinderella, good-morning. I have been looking all over Fairyland for you. I am Jack Beanstalk. I, too, once lived in that place which they call the world. Now I nod and wave all day long in the sunshine of Fairyland.”

“Oh, is that you? Are you really Jack Beanstalk? I thought you were a beautiful flower. My mother used to read to me about you. Tell me how you climbed up that beanstalk. Did you find a city and a grand castle up there?”

“Oh, Cinderella, I did not come to talk about myself. I came to see your glass slipper and most of all to hear about your ride to Fairyland.”

“It was a beautiful ride, Mr. Beanstalk, and I love to talk about it. Do you know, I have almost forgotten about the hard work I had to do before I came and how

I sat in the chimney corner among the ashes and cinders when the work was done."

"Dear me! why did you sit there? Because you liked to?"

"No, there was no other place for me. Nobody loved me as they do here. I was always in somebody's way."

"Haven't you any brothers or sisters? Haven't you a mother or a father to love you?"

"Of course, Mr. Beanstalk, I once had a mother and a father, but that was a long time ago.

We were very happy together. Then my mother died and my father brought a new mother to our home.

The new mother had two daughters who were very proud. Sometimes, though I dislike very much to say it, they were unkind to me.

But this changed all in one evening. Did you hear what I said?—all in one evening. It happened the night of the King's party."

THE KING'S PARTY

"I was telling you about the King's party, wasn't I, Mr. Beanstalk?"

After my two sisters had gone to the party, I finished my work in the kitchen. Then I sat on the steps thinking about what a fine time they were having at the party. Can you guess who came and sat by my side?"

"Was it Mother Goose?"

"No, Mr. Beanstalk, it was another kind Fairy. Her first words were, 'Would you like to go to the party, Cinderella?'"

"Oh, yes!" I said, "but how can I go in this ragged frock?"

"Never mind that," the Fairy said. "You have worked hard and you shall go to the party. Run to the garden and bring me the largest pumpkin you can find."

I could hardly believe what she said, but I hurried to the garden and down by the gate was a handsome yellow pumpkin.



CINDERELLA

L. Perrault

I carried the pumpkin back to the steps.

The Fairy changed it at once into a beautiful coach all covered with gold.

Then she opened her mousetrap and six little mice ran out. These she made into six fine gray horses to draw the coach.

‘Now,’ said the Fairy, ‘go into the garden and bring me six lizards. You will find them close by the gate.’

The lizards became six footmen in coats and vests of gold.”

“Oh, Cinderella, it must have been a beautiful sight! I wish I had seen it.”

“Yes, it was very beautiful, Mr. Beanstalk. When I stepped into the coach, my ragged dress was changed to silk, and my wooden shoes became glass slippers.

Then away I rode to the King’s palace!

How happy I was!

I had never seen such beautiful things in all my life.

The Fairy told me not to stay after midnight. If I stayed longer, she said the coach would turn again to a pumpkin, the horses would become mice and even my pretty dress would turn to rags."

THE GLASS SLIPPER

"Tell me more about that evening, Cinderella. It is almost as good as my climb up the beanstalk. Tell me how you lost your slipper."

"Well, Mr. Beanstalk, when I went to the King's palace, nobody knew me.

I saw my sisters and they saw me.

They thought I was some lovely princess who had come from far away. Nobody guessed that I was Cinderella, the little cinder girl.

I talked with the King and the Queen and with the King's son.

Soon the clock struck eleven and I said good-by to them all.

My coach was at the door and I rode home.”

“Did you lose your slipper there, Cinderella?”

“No, Mr. Beanstalk, I did not lose my slipper until the next evening.

The King gave another party and the Fairy came to me again.

This time she made my dress even lovelier than before. I believe everything was more beautiful.

I wish I had time to tell you about the music and about the King’s palace.

Do you know, Mr. Beanstalk, I was so happy I did not think how late it was until the clock struck twelve.

My coach had disappeared so I ran home as fast as I could go.

I ran so fast I lost one of my glass slippers. When I reached the steps, my pretty dress was turned to rags.”

“What became of your lost slipper?”

“The young prince found it, Mr. Beanstalk.
He said he would marry the young lady
whose foot it fitted.

Of course I was the only one who could
wear it, so he knew I was the princess he
had seen at the party.

The Fairy came again and changed my
ragged clothes for the beautiful ones and I
rode away with the prince to his home.”

“So that is the way you came to Fairyland.

If you will come to see me sometime,
Cinderella, I will tell you what the Fairies
did for me and how I came to Fairyland.

Good-by, Cinderella, good-by.”

GLAD SHE IS A LITTLE GIRL

I'm glad I am a little girl,

And have the afternoon for play,

For if I were a busy bee,

I 'spose I'd have to work all day.

—*Anna M. Pratt*

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

This is the picture of the great English artist, Sir Joshua Reynolds.

He painted pictures of little boys and girls, and of great men and women.

He was born nearly two hundred years ago, in one of the loveliest parts of England.

Near his home were green fields where cowslips and purple and white violets grew.

There were sunny meadows covered with pansies and hyacinths.

Little brooks ran through the pasture lands.

The houses were low and were covered with vines to the roof. Around them were neat little gardens, bright with flowers.

The house where Joshua lived is still standing.

Every boy or girl in the village to-day can point out where the great artist lived when he was a little boy.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

By Himself

JOSHUA REYNOLDS' BOYHOOD

Joshua had ten brothers and sisters.

They had jolly times together.

On Saturdays they played ball or cricket,
or picked purple and red primroses.

In the early summer the fields were red
with strawberries.

Joshua and his brothers spent many days
picking and eating them, till their little hands
and lips were as red as the berries them-
selves.

Then came days of wading and of fishing
in the brooks near their home.

All these brothers and sisters went to their
father's school.

Joshua liked to do everything else better
than to study.

He liked to draw pictures in school
instead of writing his lessons.

One of the lessons which he wrote when
he was quite small is still kept.

The lesson is only partly written and at the bottom of the page there is a queer little picture which Joshua drew.

When he showed it to his father, Mr. Reynolds was very angry, for he did not want Joshua to be an artist.

He wrote in large black letters on the sheet, "This was done by Joshua in school out of pure idleness."

FOUR LESS EIGHT

"I've grown so big I go to school,
And write upon a slate,
And say, now, two and two make four,
And four and four make eight.
And eight less four is four, you know,
And four less eight is—wait!—
I'll put it down,—Oh dear! oh dear!
Now, what is four less eight?"

FATHER IN HEAVEN, WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh, so sweet,
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see,
For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high,
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees.

For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For ev'ry thing His goodness sends,
Father in heaven, we thank thee.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*



The National Gallery, London

THE INFANT SAMUEL

Sir Joshua Reynolds

MASTER REYNOLDS IN LONDON

The Reynolds children all went to church.

Every Sunday morning there were eleven little heads of different sizes above the top of the pew.

Mr. Reynolds sat at one end of the pew, very calm and stern.

One Sunday morning Joshua happened to be at the other end of the pew, so his father did not see him as he drew a picture of the minister on his thumb nail.

The next morning Joshua was playing on board a ship in the river.

He found some paints on the ship.

With these paints he made the minister's picture again on the big sail.

This was Joshua's first real oil painting.

It was done so well that Mr. Reynolds said, "Joshua must learn to paint."

There was no one in the little village to teach him, so he was sent to London.

How happy Joshua was in London!
He had never seen a large city before.
Every time he went out he saw new
streets and gay shop windows.

There were wonderful picture galleries
and beautiful parks to visit.

Joshua loved everything beautiful.

He tried to paint things as he saw them.

He loved his work. He used to write
long letters to his mother and tell her that
when he was drawing and painting he was the
happiest boy alive.

NOVEMBER

“Trees bare and brown,
Dry leaves everywhere,
Dancing up and down,
Whirling through the air.
Red-cheeked apples roasted,
Popcorn almost done,
Toes and chestnuts toasted,
That’s November fun.”



ALL STREET ART OF THE 19th Century

BABY-LAND

-How many miles is Baby-Land?

-Any one can tell!

Up one flight,
To your right;
Please to ring the bell."

"What do they do in Baby-land?"

"Dream and wake and play,
Laugh and crow,
Shout and grow;
Jolly times have they!"

"What do they say in Baby-land?"

"Why, the oddest things;
Might as well
Try to tell
What a birdie sings!"

"Who is the queen of Baby-land?"

"Mother, kind and sweet;
And her love,
Born above,
Guides the little feet."

—*George Cooper*

MR. REYNOLDS AND THE CHILDREN

When Joshua Reynolds became a man, he was a great artist.

He loved to paint the little children.

When boys or girls went to his studio to sit for a picture, they knew it meant a frolic.

They played games with the artist and he often gave them a tiny biscuit or a loaf of sugar.

Mr. Reynolds loved to watch the children as they played.

When the time came for painting, he remembered the happy smile, he remembered the merry eyes and he put them into his picture.

It seems as if all of Mr. Reynolds' children had stopped in their play to look at us.

Mr. Reynolds once painted a picture of his little niece who lived with him many years.

He called the picture "The Strawberry Girl."



SIMPLICITY

Sir Joshua Reynolds

After fifteen years Mr. Reynolds painted
a picture of the daughter of his niece.

He called this picture "Simplicity."

"Simplicity" was not the little girl's real
name, but it seemed to fit the lovely child
in her simple dress and lace cap.

When Mr. Reynolds saw her, she had been
playing in a beautiful park.

She was then sitting under a shady birch
tree to get rested and cool.

A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF TO HEM

A pocket handkerchief to hem,

Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!

How many stitches it will take

Before it's done, I fear.

Yet set a stitch and then a stitch,

And stitch and stitch away,

Till stitch by stitch the hem is done,

And after work is play.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*



Chatsworth House, London

Sir Joshua Reynolds

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND HER CHILD

THE END OF THE DAY

“The birdie has gone to its nest,
And baby must go to her bed,
For the sun has sunk down in the west,
In curtains of purple and red.

Yes, this is the end of the day,
The lambs are asleep in the dew;
So baby must leave off her play,
And go to her little bed, too.”



PENELOPE BOOTHBY *Sir Joshua Reynolds*

A QUAIN T LITTLE GIRL

Here is another one of the little girls
whom Mr. Reynolds painted.

He has called her "Penelope Boothby."

She is a quaint little lady.

She is dressed just as her grandmama
dressed when she was a little girl.

The little girls and the old ladies all
dressed alike in those days.

How queer her white kerchief and black
mitts look!

How big the lace cap is for such a little
girl to wear!

She seems to like them, for she looks
very happy.

A DEAR LITTLE GOOSE

“While I’m in the ones

I can frolic all the day;

I can laugh, I can jump,

I can run about and play.

But when I’m in the tens,

I must get up with the lark,

And sew and read and practice,

From early morn till dark.”

OUR LITTLE ECHO

We have an echo in our house,
An echo three years old,
With dimpled cheeks and wistful eyes,
And hair of sunny gold.

This little echo, soft and sweet,
Repeats what others say,
And trots about on tireless feet,
Up stairs and down, all day.

It makes us very careful not
To use a naughty word,
Lest in the echo's lisping tones,
It should again be heard.

Which would be such a dreadful thing,
As any one can see,
Who has an echo in his house,
A little over three.

—Margaret E. Sangster



Earl Spencer, Althorp

Sir Joshua Reynolds

COUNTESS SPENCER AND HER CHILD



National Gallery, London

ANGELS' HEADS

Sir Joshua Reynolds

SLEEP, LITTLE BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, little baby, sleep;

The holy angels love thee,
And guard thy bed, and keep
A blessed watch above thee.

—*Christina G. Rossetti*

THE ANGELS' HEADS

Here are five beautiful heads.

They are called "Angels' Heads."

They are resting on snowy clouds.

Their faces are very happy.

They were painted from the face of a little English girl.

Her name was Frances Gordon.

Her hair was like the sunshine and her eyes had the blue of the sky in them.

When little Frances came to Mr. Reynolds' studio, he thought she was very beautiful.

Every time he looked at her, she seemed more beautiful, so he painted her picture in five different ways.

Then he added wings to each picture and around them all he painted soft clouds and blue sky.

When Miss Frances died, some years later, Mrs. Gordon gave this picture to the English National Gallery in London.

WHAT ROBIN TOLD

How do the robins build their nests?

Robin Redbreast told me.

First a wisp of amber hay

In a pretty round they lay;

Then some shreds of downy floss,

Feathers, too, and bits of moss,

Woven with a sweet, sweet song,

This way, that way, and across,

That's what robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nests?

Robin Redbreast told me.

Up among the leaves so deep,

Where the sunbeams rarely creep;

Long before the winds are cold,

Long before the leaves are gold,

Bright-eyed stars will peep and see

Baby robins, one, two, three;

That's what robin told me.

—George Cooper



National Gallery, London

ROBINETTA

Sir Joshua Reynolds

WILLIAM TELL

There was once a little fellow whose home was far across the great ocean.

He lived among the mountains and lakes of Switzerland.

He loved the mountains.

He loved to climb them and to hold the arrows while his father shot the wolves and wild goats.

The little boy picked handfuls of mountain flowers to take home to his mother.

His father's name was William Tell.

He was a brave, good man.

He could shoot an arrow better than any one else in Switzerland.

One morning in November, William Tell and his little son started out for the market place.

The market place was in a small village near their home. It was a large out-of-door store.

People came from the mountain-sides all around to bring their butter, cheese and vegetables to sell.

William Tell and his little boy had come to the market place, too, to sell and to buy. And what do you think they saw when they got there?

Under a linden tree was a tall pole.

On the top of the pole was placed a black hat which belonged to the King of Switzerland.

Every one who passed by was made to bow to the hat, just as they would if the King himself had been sitting there.

The ruler of Switzerland was not a good man. He often asked the people to do things which were not just.

When William Tell passed by the hat, he would not bow. He thought it was not right to ask any man to bow before a hat.

This, of course, made the ruler very angry. He said, "Because you will not bow before

my hat, you shall shoot an apple from the head of your boy. If you do not hit the apple the first time you try, you shall die.”

William Tell was very sad when he thought that he might lose his little son and that he might die himself.

Do you think the boy was frightened?

Oh, no! he knew that his father would not fail in his shot.

He stood up bravely against a tree with an apple resting on his head. When his father drew the bow, he did not move an inch.

Away flew the arrow right through the middle of the apple.

William Tell had saved his boy's life and his own as well.

Soon after this he saved all the people of Switzerland from their cruel ruler.

Now the statue of himself and his brave little son stands in the market place of the old town.



WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON

Kitzling

THE SWING

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CLAYTON THOMAS

Moderato.

Oh, how do you like to go up in a swing, Up in the air so blue?

The first system of musical notation for 'The Swing'. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The melody is written in eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing Ev-er a child can do!

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with some longer note values. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Up in the air, and o-ver the wall, Till I can see so wide,

The third system of musical notation. The treble staff features a more active melody with many eighth notes. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

Rivers and trees and cat-tle and all O-ver the coun-try side—

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff has some longer note values and rests. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

THE SWING

Till I look down on the gar - den green, Down on the roof so brown— *Rall.*
 Up in the air I go fly - ing a - gain, Up in the air and down!
In time.

WHOLE DUTY OF CHILDREN

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CLAYTON THOMAS

A child should always say what's true, And speak when he is spo - ken to,
 And behave mannerly at ta - ble: At least as far as he is a - ble.

SINGING

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CLAYTON THOMAS

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings, And nests among the trees; The sailor sings of

The first system of musical notation for the song 'SINGING'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 8/8 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'Of speckled eggs the birdie sings, And nests among the trees; The sailor sings of' are written below the treble staff.

ropes and things, In ships up-on the seas. The children sing in far Ja-pan, The

The second system of musical notation for the song 'SINGING'. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'ropes and things, In ships up-on the seas. The children sing in far Ja-pan, The' are written below the treble staff.

children sing in Spain; The organ with the organ man Is singing in the rain.

The third system of musical notation for the song 'SINGING'. It concludes the melody and accompaniment for this song. The lyrics 'children sing in Spain; The organ with the organ man Is singing in the rain.' are written below the treble staff.

HAPPY THOUGHT

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CLAYTON THOMAS

The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as Kings.

The first system of musical notation for the song 'HAPPY THOUGHT'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 8/8 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics 'The world is so full of a number of things, I'm sure we should all be as happy as Kings.' are written below the treble staff.

LOOKING FORWARD

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CLAYTON THOMAS

When I am grown to man's es-tate, I shall be ver-y proud and great; And
tell the oth-er girls and boys Not to med-dle with my toys.

The musical score for "Looking Forward" is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

A THOUGHT

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

CLAYTON THOMAS

It is ver-y nice to think The world is full of meat and drink, With
lit-tle chil-dren say-ing grace In ev-'ry Christian kind of place.

The musical score for "A Thought" is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

ABOUT THE BOOK

IT has come to be the accepted thing for School Readers to be based on the lives of great writers and selections from their works, accompanied by portraits of authors and pictures of their homes. The emphasis is being rightly placed on "literature." This much is a distinct gain. Literature and art, however, have been so intimately related through so many centuries and by so many peoples, that it is surprising that they have not been more closely related in education. To teach a child to interpret and appreciate good art is quite as desirable as to teach him to read and enjoy good literature.

"The Art-Literature Readers" represent an attempt to relate art and literature in a series of graded Readers for school use. The basis of the series is a collection of the choicest literature, the gathering of which has occupied several years of painstaking search. The effort has been to discover in the works of the best writers selections that are literary units, and which possess distinct dramatic and inspirational qualities. Selections that have not been used in innumerable Readers have been given the preference. These selections are accompanied by anecdotal biographical sketches and portraits of the leading authors. It is hoped that as literary readers they will be found to possess freshness and the power to hold the child's interest.

The distinguishing feature of the series, however, is the introduction of portraits and biographical sketches of artists with reproductions of their most famous works. Book Two gives the children a real acquaintance with two authors, Robert Louis Stevenson and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and two artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Rosa Bonheur, as well as an introduction to a few other writers and painters.

Each author's and artist's work has been grouped in order to emphasize his personality and to give the child an opportunity to read a connected story of his life. The Stevenson section of the book has been emphasized because of the adaptability of Mr. Stevenson's life and verses to second grade work. Twenty selections have been borrowed from "A Child's Garden of Verses" and six of them have been given simple musical settings by Clayton Thomas.

Acknowledgments are due to Houghton, Mifflin & Company for permission to use "The Daisies" by Frank Dempster Sherman, to A. Flanagan for the use of selections from "Nature Myths and Stories" by Flora J. Cooke, and also to Augustus Saint Gaudens, Franz Hanfstaengl, Berlin Photographic Company, Curtis & Cameron, Doubleday, Page & Company and Beard Art & Stationery Company for the use of copyright pictures.

F. E. C.

East Northfield, Mass., February 1, 1905.

NOTES AND SUGGESTIONS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WHO better deserves the poet-laureatship of the boys and girls of the second grade than Robert Louis Stevenson? No other writer so stimulates their imagination and observation, at the same time creating in them a love for true poetry. It is hoped that many of his verses will be memorized by the pupils, and that his spirit of cheer and optimism be instilled into their hearts as a life principle.

The following paragraphs, completing the story of Mr. Stevenson's life, may interest the children after they have read the sketches of his boyhood, which are found in the text.

Robert Louis Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, November thirteen, 1850. His father and grandfather had been engineers and lighthouse builders, and his father wished Robert to be an engineer, too. So, when Robert was old enough he entered the University of Edinburgh and tried to learn all he could about engines. He was not happy in this kind of work, and after following it three and one-half years he began to read law, but he spent more time in reading the best authors in literature and in writing about the beautiful things around him than he did in reading law books. In his school days he started several magazines. One was called "The Schoolboys' Magazine," which was passed around the neighborhood and eagerly read by his playmates. It cost them only one penny. These papers were all written by hand and contained many gay pictures. The one number which we still have is made up of stories of heroes, and of shipwrecks and adventures in the South Seas. The magazine was given up after the fourth number, but it gives us an interesting glimpse of Mr. Stevenson's boyish writings.

While he was still a young man he gave up all thought of being an engineer or even a lawyer, and spent all of his time in reading and writing. But his study and writing was often interrupted by severe illnesses. In search of health, he visited different parts of England and France, and tried the highlands of California and the cool, clear air of Switzerland. When his health allowed, he wrote about these journeys and about the beautiful countries which he visited. Mr. Stevenson's first book, called "An Inland Voyage," tells of a canoe trip which he took through the canals of Holland, when he and a friend paddled a tiny canoe from Antwerp to Brussels. Later he wrote about his "Travels With a Donkey" in France. His most interesting books for boys and girls are "Treasure Island" and "A Child's Garden of Verses."

In the summertime of 1887, Mr. Stevenson came to America with his wife and mother, and spent several months in the healthful region of the Adirondack mountains. In America he met many literary friends and artists whom he had known in Europe, besides many others who knew him only through his books. Everybody loved him and welcomed him wherever he went.

His best days were yet to come, days when he could call himself almost well. He sailed out, with his little party, from the Golden Gate of San Francisco for a voyage over the South Seas. He wandered for a long time over the warm sunny waters of the Pacific, and at last made his home on the island of Samoa. In that land of forests and streams he built a comfortable house with broad verandas, where he could live out of doors and have a quiet place for his writing.

While Mr. Stevenson was living in Samoa he formally willed his birthday to a little New England girl, who was born on Christmas day, and who felt that she was defrauded of an anniversary which all other children enjoyed. The only conditions to the will were that the little girl should add to her name the name Louisa, and use the birthday "with moderation and humanity, the said birthday not being so young as it once was." If she fails to heed either of these conditions, the birthday will be given to the President of the United States.

Mr. Stevenson lived in his lovely island home for several years, and there with his friends around him, he died December thirteen, 1895. He was buried on the top of a high mountain, not far from his home, and his own words were carved on his stone.

*"Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."*

ROSA BONHEUR

ROSALIE MARIE BONHEUR was born in Bordeaux, France, on March sixteen, 1822. After she had learned all that her father knew about painting she became her own teacher. She painted animals because she loved them, and she always painted them just as they looked to her.

While she was still a young woman she painted her greatest and best picture. It was called "The Horse Fair," and was the largest animal painting ever made at that time. In order to prepare for this picture she studied horses of all kinds. Her friends offered her their carriage horses, but these were not enough. She must see work horses and those that drew the heavy street cars of Paris. So she visited the

stables where they were kept and sketched horses in all sorts of positions. After eighteen months of this kind of work, she was ready to begin her picture. When the painting was at last finished, it was shown at exhibitions in Paris, England and America. A few years later it was bought by a New York man and given to the Metropolitan Museum in that city. There it hangs to-day, one of the finest pictures in the gallery.

It would be well to have a large reproduction of "The Horse Fair" hung on the school room wall, where the children can study it. They should be led to notice how the noble horses are hurrying to the market place, some proudly, like the two grays in the foreground, as if they were sure of leading in the sale; some nervously, like the brown horses just behind, who seem to be afraid that their masters are driving them to trouble. The children should be led to appreciate the magnificent drawing in the picture, the finely modeled horses, and the strength and action of both horses and drivers. They should also notice the lights and shades, which tell the time of day, and the details which show the season of the year.

Rosa Bonheur once visited the beautiful country of Scotland, where Robert Louis Stevenson was born. She saw the broad fields of heather and the rugged mountains. She loved the wild country, and made many sketches of its hardy sheep and cattle as she saw them in the pastures and on the hillsides. Show the children a copy of "Highland Sheep," which she painted from a sketch made while she was in Scotland.

Rosa Bonheur lived for many years in her pleasant old chateau, in the little village of By, only a few miles from Paris. There, in the midst of everything she loved, she died, May twenty-five, 1899, the greatest woman painter of her time.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

FOR more detailed information regarding the life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the teacher is referred to the books mentioned in the Bibliography. Although we think of Mr. Longfellow as "the children's poet," few of his short poems are simple enough to be read by children in the second grade, though many are not beyond their appreciation, if read aloud to them. The following list suggests a few poems, which the teacher might read while the children are studying the author's life: "Daybreak," "The Children's Hour," "The Arrow and the Song," "My Lost Youth," "Children," "Paul Revere's Ride," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Selections from Hiawatha."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born on July sixteen, 1723, at Plympton, Devonshire, England. His father wanted him to be a druggist, but when Joshua was seventeen years old, Mr. Reynolds rather unwillingly consented to allow him to go to London to study art.

Joshua studied hard for nearly four years, and then went back to Devonshire to live. A little studio was fitted up for him in his home town, where he worked very busily. He had learned to paint so well that everybody who had money enough to pay him wanted him to paint their pictures. Very soon he had more than he could do and was earning a great deal of money. He was then able to live in London in a fine house and have a large studio for his work. His pleasant home was always open to his friends,—not only to artists, but to noted writers and to people who were interested in music. They all enjoyed his gay dinner parties, and to have an afternoon cup of tea with the artist was a real delight.

Mr. Reynolds was knighted by the King of England and received many other honors during his lifetime. He lived in London the last thirty-two years of his life, and there he died in 1792. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, and some twenty years later his statue was placed near the choir of the great church.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is still considered to be one of the greatest portrait painters that England has ever had, and as a painter of children he is surpassed by no one.

SUGGESTIONS

THE attempt has been, in the previous books of this series, to lead the child to observe the form and subject of a picture. He has been encouraged to imitate the artist's grouping of the different objects. He has also learned how to group objects into a picture of his own imagining, dramatically telling his story without words and at the same time unconsciously learning the rudiments of pictorial composition. He has begun to observe the lights and shades in a picture, the uses of straight and curved lines and some of the minor details. But *first* of all he has been allowed to seek for the story which the artist has told, and to tell the story as it comes to him, in his own words, before reading the text in the book.

The theory has been that if a child is taught to observe carefully, to construct some of the things which he sees and to talk about them correctly, that he will have no great difficulty in reading about them,

and that his reading will, from the first, be intelligent and natural.

We believe that the same social and constructive work should continue through the second grade. We would not burden the child with technicalities, but indirectly teach him how to discover for himself the beauties in a poem or a picture, how to tell what he has seen or read and how to create pictures and stories of his own.

Practically the same methods that are used in picture study may be applied to the study of poetry. As the first thing a child discovers in a picture is the story which it tells, so the first thing for him to discover in a poem is the picture which it paints. The child can dramatically illustrate scenes in Stevenson's poems as easily as he can imitate one of Reynolds' pictures. For example, after he has carefully read and talked about the "Marching Song," on page 28, let him create a picture, by arranging three or four of his matates to illustrate some scene in the poem. It will be very effective if the group can be arranged on one side of an open doorway, so that the door frame will serve as a frame for the picture.

The special advantages of this work are: *1st.* To show the child that a well-composed picture is never overcrowded. One figure in a natural attitude against a simple background makes a much more beautiful picture than many figures and objects crowded together. This will explain the simplicity of Rosa Bonheur's and Reynolds' pictures. *2d.* The child will begin to understand the values of light and dark and how they are secured. *3d.* His eye will be trained to recognize the proper use and arrangement of color.

After the child has read and perhaps dramatically illustrated a poem, he should be encouraged to retell it in his own words, or to rewrite it in prose. He may illustrate his written sketch with pencil or wash drawings and use it in many ways as a basis for his language, art or manual work. His pleasure in reading "Hiawatha" will be greatly increased if it is pursued in this way. The wigwam, the pine trees, the bow and arrows, the canoe, the little Hiawatha himself and even bits of scenery make simple and effective illustrations.

In a word, the child will, through his own observation and experiments and wise direction on the part of the teacher, learn not only how to judge a picture, but how to create one; not only how to read a story, but how to tell one. Then we shall begin to see real results from our efforts to teach him to read intelligently, to do things with his hands and to think for himself. We shall see the growth of a different mental fiber than that produced by passive reading.

The following Bibliography has been inserted for the use of teachers who may wish to inform themselves more carefully, not only upon the lives of the authors and artists treated in this book, but also upon the art of critical picture study.

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A LIST OF DIFFICULT WORDS

The following key explains the symbols which are used to indicate the pronunciation of the words. It is based upon the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

ä . . as in äte	ð . . as in ð vent'	ö . . as in möt	öü . . as in gööd
ä . . as in pref' äce	ð . . as in möt	ö . . as in lörd	ou . . as in out
ä . . as in ädd	ð . . as in hër	ü . . as in üse	th . . as in this
ä . . as in äir	l . . as in lee	ü . . as in üp	ü=ng as in liph
ä . . as in äsk	l . . as in lt	ü . . as in rüde	zh . . as in a' sure
ä . . as in fär	ö . . as in öld	ÿ . . as in ba'by	' for voice glide
ä . . as in äll	ö . . as in ö bey'	öü . . as in möön	as in eaten (et' 'n)
ö . . as in öat			

u= sound of French eu, similar to ü in fûr

ü= French sound, similar to ü in fûll

N=nasal French sound, similar to n in liph

Silent letters and obscure vowels are italicized.

ä broad'	crushed (krüsh't)	Jersey (Jer'zy)	Scotland (Sköt'land)
ä dörned'	Cummie (küm' ml)	Jü'nö	scout (skout)
Äl'bërt Dü'rër	däle	knight (nit)	scythe (sith)
ä lërt'	dë scënd'	Krä'mër	së vëre'
Äl lög'rá	despised (dë spizd')	läd'die	shëp'hërd
äm'bër	dif'fër ent	länd' scape (skap)	sighing (si' ing)
än'grÿ	dë liked (lïkt')	Lä tö'nä	simplïcity
anxious (äng' shüs)	dough (do)	leaden (led'n)	(sïm plis' i tÿ)
är'rant	Dü'büfe'	lilac (li'lak)	sinewy (sïn'ü y)
ät'mös phere (fër)	echo (ek' o)	lin'den	Sir Joshua Reynolds
Atri (ä' trë)	Emperor (ëm'për är)	lodge (løj)	(Sër Jösh'ü ä Rën'ölz)
Au güs'tüs Sä'nt	England (ïng'länd)	löw'ing	smith'ÿ
Gaudens (Ga'd'nz)	ere (är)	mäg'ple	smöck
bäch'ë lor (lër)	fëast'ëd	männ'ërlÿ	söl'l'itüde
balcony (bal' kö nÿ)	flight	mär'tial (shal)	späde
biscuit (bis' kit')	för'eign	mës'sën ger (jër)	speckled (spëk'k'ld)
bough	frollic (fröl'ik)	might'ÿ	stätt'ë
Böw'd'oin	fün'ni ëst	moun'tain	St. Bër närd'
bräyed	gäl'lër'ÿ	musician	sth'di ö
buried (bër'rid)	gäl'lop (lup)	(mü zish'an)	Swit'sër land
castle (käs'li)	gär'tër	Nö kö'mis	tën'nis
chim'ney	grën' ä diër'	noticed (nö'tist)	Thorwaldsen
Cinderella	guärd	notion (nö' shün)	(Tör'wäwld sën)
(sïn'dër ël'lä)	heärt'ÿ	palace (päl'äs)	thröst
coachmen	heäth'ër	pär'ent	thrüsh
(köch' män)	HI' ä wä'thä	Pë'nöl'öpë Bööth'bÿ	thyme (tim)
coasting (köst' ing)	höll'ÿ höck	Perrault (Pa'ro')	üm bröl'lä
cocked (kökt)	hyacinth (hi' ä sïnth)	pillage (pil'laj)	ä'ni förm
colored (kul'ërd)	in'di ä-rüb'bër)	prä'rie	vegetable (vëj'ëtab'l)
commander	in'sëct	prowled (prould)	village (vil'laj)
(kôm mänd'är)	in'stant'ÿ	Queen (kwën)	de Vuillefroy
counterpane	isle (il)	rëär	(dëh vu' frowä)
(koun'për pän')	jäck'däw'	received (rë sëvd')	wander (wön'dër)
coward (kou'ërd)	Jean François Millet	Rosa Bonheur	whirled (hwerld)
cowslip (kou' slïp')	(Zhön Frön' swä'	(Rö' ä Bö'nur')	wöod'pëck'ër
croak (krök)	Më'yä')	Scotch (Sköch)	
cruel (krü'ël)			

The Art-Literature Readers

BY FRANCES ELIZABETH CHUTTER AND EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER

The Primer. The lessons in the "Art-Literature Primer" are drawn from famous paintings and familiar rhymes which deal with children's interests and activities. They are short, dramatic and colloquial. They teach the child to read as he talks. It is one of the simplest Primers published, with a vocabulary of only 258 words. Illustrated with 43 reproductions of famous paintings in colors by the duotype process. *Cloth, 112 pages. Price, 30 cents.*

Book One. This book continues the lessons of the Primer, the increase in difficulty being very slight. A larger number of pieces of literature are worked into the lessons than in any other First Reader. With 42 reproductions of paintings in colors by the duotype process. *Cloth, 112 pages. Price, 30 cents.*

Book Two. In this book the biographical sketches of authors and artists are introduced as a part of the reading matter for the child. The authors so treated are Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Robert Louis Stevenson; the artists are Sir Joshua Reynolds and Rosa Bonheur. The biographical sketches and the work of each of these authors and artists are *grouped* so as to give a connected story and emphasize their *personalities*. Many other authors and artists are represented. Illustrated with 38 reproductions of portraits and famous paintings in colors by the duotype process. *Cloth, 160 pages. Price, 40 cents.*

Book Three. The distinguishing features of this book are its careful grading, its delightful biographical sketches, its *grouping* of the work of the authors and artists and its reproductions of famous paintings in two colors by the duotype process. The authors treated biographically are Eugene Field, John G. Whittier, Hans Christian Andersen, Louisa M. Alcott, Laura E. Richards, Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, Louis Carroll. The artists so treated are Sir Edwin Landseer and Thomas Gainsborough. *Cloth, 224 pages. Price, 50 cents.*

Book Four. In this book the boys and girls are introduced to two of Spain's greatest artists, Don Diego Velasquez, and Bartolome Esteban Murillo, to eight of the world's most notable writers, James Whitcomb Riley, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Charles Kingsley, Helen Hunt Jackson, George MacDonald, Dinah Mulock Craik, Æsop and Ernest Thompson Seton. There are biographical sketches of each author and artist and the work of each is *grouped* as a section. *Cloth, 256 pages. Price, 50 cents.*

Other books in this series are in active preparation

The Folk-Lore Readers

BY EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER, AUTHOR OF "THE SUNBONNET BABIES' PRIMER"

The Primer. The "Folk-Lore Primer" is based on simple nursery rhymes already familiar to the child. This leaves his attention free for mastering the technical difficulties of reading and gives him the pleasure of meeting familiar rhymes on the printed page. There are frequent lessons in dialogue to secure natural expression. The book has a vocabulary of only 285 words and is illustrated in colors by Margaret Ely Webb. *Cloth, 112 pages. Price, 30 cents.*

Book One. This book begins where the Primer leaves off. The lessons are based largely on nursery rhymes, Æsop's fables, folk-lore stories and simple verses. They are unusually rhythmic and dramatic in quality and appeal at once to the child's imagination. The book is illustrated throughout in colors by Margaret Ely Webb. *Cloth, 112 pages. Price, 30 cents.*

Other books in this series are in active preparation

ATKINSON. MENTZER & COMPANY, BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DALLAS

